

SIX MINUTES TO JERSEY.

It appears likely that before our hopes of "fifteen minutes to Harlem" are realized we shall be offered the alternative of "six minutes to New Jersey." That is the promise held out by the managers of the trolley tunnel under the North River.

There have been worse alternatives for wage-earners. Easy access to New Jersey will make possible an exchange of the cramped conditions of flat-house tenancy for the elbow room and the individuality of existence that render life worth living. Only in the country can men of small means find comfortable quarters representing an adequate return for the rent paid. It is a trite saying, but in a city that put up only ninety-nine private residences last year it is a saying deserving the emphasis of repetition here.

The accession to New Jersey of residents of moderate means during the past ten years has been a development of remarkable proportions. The rapid-transit tunnel facilities that will enable humble dwellers to follow in their wake cannot be overestimated as regards their bearing on the robust health and the social improvement of those who make use of the opportunity afforded to get rid of tenement life.

YOUNG MEN'S ACHIEVEMENTS.

"Success that comes when a young man is still in the twenties or thirties is due more to luck than to capacity," says C. T. Yerkes, a man competent to give an expert opinion on success. Yet here we have the Pennsylvania's new general manager, a man of thirty-six, as an example in refutation of this sweeping assertion. With him among railroad men who have worked up from the ranks may be cited W. H. Baldwin, Jr., President of the Long Island Railroad at thirty-seven and General Manager of the Southern Railway at thirty-four, and Howard Elliott, General Manager of the Burlington's Missouri lines at thirty-eight—each, like Attentive, a college graduate.

Exceptions to rules are sufficiently easy to find, but there is abundant evidence in all professions of well-merited success attained by young men of ability under forty. In contemporary New York life there is George W. Young, at thirty the youngest president of a New York trust company; Clyde Fitch, now thirty-seven and celebrated as a playwright ten years ago; Cornelius Vanderbilt, twenty-nine, now on a sick-bed, possibly a deathbed, ranking well as an inventor at twenty-six; and Clarence Mackay, twenty-seven, bearing the burden of a very heavy fortune. J. P. Morgan's son, now thirty-five, has for several years been the responsible head of the London branch of his father's great banking business.

Success comes often to the man of action when he is young. Napoleon was famous at thirty, Alexander the Great at thirty-three. Pitt was Premier and the first citizen of England at twenty-five. John Randolph was Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House at twenty-nine. J. C. Breckinridge was nominated for Vice-President at thirty-two. McClellan was famous in his thirties. Cecil Rhodes was Premier of Cape Colony at thirty-seven. Marconi was thirty-seven. Mascagni had written the "Cavalleria Rusticana" at twenty-seven.

It is, indeed, idle to attempt to gauge capacity in men by general rules. Great men are what Darwin called "spontaneous variations." There is no satisfactory method of recognizing their approach or prophesying where they will appear.

THE CHAMPION SPELLER.

The death of Mrs. Hannah Bloomingdale, the champion speller of New Jersey, has occurred at the untimely age of forty-two. Mrs. Bloomingdale's greatest triumphs in orthography were achieved in the spelling contests between Bridgeton and Millville. It is related that in the first match she won the cup for Bridgeton by spelling down all the Millville contestants and then captured another prize by outspelling all her Bridgeton companions.

Spelling is more of a masculine accomplishment than a feminine, but just as the really great cooks are men so the famous spellers are women. Dr. Eggleston recognized this fact. You recall how in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" "The Meanness girl Hannah" spelled down the new schoolmaster? The master had flogged the local champion on "theodolite" and then came his tussle with Hannah.

The squre was puzzled. He had given out all the hard words in the book. He again pulled the top of his head forward. Then he wiped his spectacles and put them on. Then out of the depth of his pocket he fished up a list of words just coming into use in those days—words not in the spelling book. He regarded the paper attentively with his blue right eye.

"Daguerotype," said the squre.

"De-a, day!"

"Buck!"

And Hannah spelled it right.

Webster's Elementary is now a back number at spelling bees. The new orthography comprises some additions made by the men of science, the doctor, the specialist in all lines which make Mrs. Bloomingdale's feat one worthy of laudation. How many new words must be credited to Edison alone? When thus a modern spelling bee opens with the leader's exhortation to

Stand up, ye spellers, now and spell—
Spell pianolists and quail;
Spell chameleons and quest;
Spell cinematograph and hen, &c.,
the speller who emerges from the contest victorious deserves a large palm.

A MISSPENT LIFE.

Owen McCarton, a man who kept his word for thirty years in the face of ridicule and opposition, is dead at Oceanic, N. J. He was seventy years old, rich and a recluse. During the Grant and Greeley campaign McCarton vowed that if the Republican candidate was elected he would never leave his home except at night, and he never did, even when fire drove out the other inmates. So, though he lived in Oceanic for forty years, few knew him besides his family.

What an amount of rugged obstinacy and fixed purpose went to waste in McCarton! At another time and place he might have been a Horatius at the bridge or a Red ruling a revolting House of Representatives. Or he might have stood up with Cantor and the other lion-dancers against the Persian invader from Pennsylvania. With his resolution never to cross a forbidden threshold he might have been a Lantry balking at Canada.

As it was, a Cromwell's spirit ran to seed in McCarton. Nature played a fantastic trick when she mixed elements in him!

JOKES OF THE DAY

"He says he dreads the abolition of the 'tipping' system."

"Is he a waiter or only a gambler?"

"They say Dreadnaught, the great lion tamer, has rheumatism."

"Yes. His flat wasn't properly warmed and he couldn't get up courage to tackle the janitor for more heat."

"You asked her father for her hand?"

"And he refused you?"

"No, he didn't. He said I could have both of 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Is there much difference between an ordinary sporting man and a race-track tout?"

"Oh, yes. The one only plays the races, while the other works them."

"The man who plays the villain at your theatre is getting terribly fat."

"That's so. He's getting too heavy for a 'heavy' man."

"How often does the earth have a revolution?" asked the teacher. "What part of the earth?" inquired the pupil.

"What part?" "Yes'm. If you mean in the United States, every twenty-four hours, but if you mean in South America, they have 'em oftener."—Philadelphia Record.

"What are the unlucky days on which to be married?"

"I was only married on Tuesday. I don't know what the others are."

When a rising young man from Ky. Was called by his friends "monstrously,"

Said his pal: "It ain't so!"

For I'd have you to know

He's only plain tarnation pliy."

"My poor man, here is a pickel. Now

don't spend it on beer or cheap whiskey."

"Not I, ma'am! I'll go for a magnum

of champagne to drink yer health in."

Uncle George—Harry, I suppose you

keep a dam account?"

Harry—No, Uncle George, I haven't

got so far as that, but I keep an ex-

pense account.—Boston Transcript.

"Something seems to snap in my

head."

"A 'soft snap,' eh?"

"Way down in Venezuela

They call for intervention,

And Uncle Sam provides them

With a Bowen of contention."

SOMEBODIES.

CRAIG, W. A.—custodian of Washington Monument, reports that 2,300,000 people have thus far visited the top of the monument.

DECATUR, STEPHEN, JR.—grandson of Commodore Decatur, has just passed the examination for the Naval Academy.

JEUNE, SIR FRANCIS—is London's rapid-fire divorce judge. He is considerably over six feet tall, and the only prominent English judge who wears a beard. He often gets through twenty divorce cases in a single day.

PATTI, ADELINA—is said to keep as a talisman, the boots she wore at her debut as a singer more than forty years ago.

PARKER, DR. JOSEPH—the great English clergyman, who has just died, preached his first sermon at the age of eighteen, standing on the cross-beam of a saw pit.

VANDERBILT, W. K.—employs 100 men in making improvements on his Great Neck, L. I., estate. He ordered that a barrel of beer be daily put at their disposal. A petition is in circulation in the neighborhood to induce Vanderbilt to cease giving the men beer.

THE USES OF AMMONIA.

Ammonia is of such great value in household matters that no housekeeper should fail to keep a supply always at hand. For instance, a few drops put into the bath water will make it most invigorating. Its uses in cleaning and removing grease are manifold. When a freshly-oiled sewing machine has left yellow stains on the fabric sewn, these can be removed by rubbing them over with a little liquid ammonia, and then washing in the ordinary way. Again, a teaspoonful of ammonia in a cupful of water will clean gold or silver jewelry, and a few drops on the underside of a diamond will clear it immediately and increase its brilliancy. When acid has been spilled on cloth, and has taken out the color, ammonia should be applied to the spot, after which a little chloroform rubbed on will, in almost all cases, restore the color.

PRINTING IN TURKEY.

All printing establishments in Turkey, according to a new law just passed, may have only one door, and that opening on the street. Windows must be covered with close-meshed wire netting, so that no papers can be handed through. A statement must be made a year in advance of the amount of ink required, which will be supplied by the State. A specimen of everything printed is to be kept on hand and be shown at any time to a police inspector on pain of a fine.

HER CHARMS.

Her graceful, gleaming arms are bare,
No drap across her bosom lies;
She shows a splendid mass of hair
Arranged to dazzle manly eyes.

Her costly robes are made to show
The splendors of her form, her grace;
She does not seek to hide the glow
Of beauty that adorns her face.

She passes thus where men may see,
But if she has a soul she keeps
The poor thing hidden carefully
Where always undisturbed it sleeps.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

OH, FOR THE GOOD OLD RAPIDTOODLEUM!

Artist Powers's Remedy for Overcrowded Cars.

Local traction managers don't seem to be able to handle the New York holiday crowds. If they will take Mr. Powers's hint and add a flock of good healthy rapidtoodles to their rolling stock they will reduce the jam on their cars and add to the health and happiness of their patrons. Santos Dumont or Eddy the Kiteman would be a good man to superintend the rapidtoodleum branch of the service.



THE PASSING OF A PASSION--By Harold R. Vynne.

A Romance of a Yachting Season.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

THERE was no denying that the young man was wholesome to the view. Mrs. Van Radbourne herself fairly gasped with pleasure. "Oh, Jack!"

"When did you come?" inquired Fordham, releasing the lady's hands. "Two hours ago," replied the vision, her eyes still dancing; "mamma saw you from the porch. She and papa are up there. Remember, you have not seen them, or me, for nearly four years. Will you come now?"

"Yes," answered the young man, readily, "but first let me introduce you to my friends."

The opportunity was lost. While his back had been turned, Miss Edith, a sign from her mother, had risen, and the two ladies were now pacing away together over the grass.

"Jack," demanded the vision in blue, saucily, "do you love that girl?" "Julia," was the gloomy reply. "I do, but it will never do me any good."

"And to think," sighed Julia, with eyes glistening mischief, "that you were once so absurd as to vow you loved me!"

When Miss Edith Van Radbourne floated into the hotel ballroom towards nine o'clock that evening it must be confessed that, with all her languid and patrician affectation of superiority, she looked surpassingly lovely.

Miss Van Radbourne took her seat beside her mother, with complacency and surveyed her surroundings with an air of high-bred condescension.

It was while the young lady was carefully scrutinizing her card that she underwent a sensation at once peculiar and violent. It was mainly one of astonishment. Across the top of the flimsy bit of pasteboard she spotted the familiar figure of Mr. John Fordham.

The young man, whose stalwart figure looked extremely well in its irreproachable evening dress, was waiting very gracefully with the diminutive new arrival. Miss Van Radbourne had already discovered, no matter how, that she was Mrs. Julia Brightly, the fabulously rich and extremely youthful widow about whom half Kansas City was in a ferment.

Next day Jack had spent the afternoon waiting very gracefully with Mrs. Julia Brightly and her parents, both of whom thought well of him, for companions. A good view could be had of the yachts, and the shade of the giant elms was grateful.

Toward 5 o'clock, when the racing was over, and the official launch, a very gay craft, all bunting and smart toilets and mahogany rails, with brass and nickel trimmings, came puffing in, little Mrs. Julia ran like a fawn over the grass down to the dock to watch the landing. She was followed at a more sedate pace by her elders, John Fordham included.

Then it was that Miss Edith Van Radbourne performed perhaps the only ungraceful act of her entire life. Clad in a very becoming and doubtless costly gown of blue tulle, she was standing close to the launch's rail as it veered gracefully toward the dock. The engineer's sudden toppage of the power jerked her forward, and the dainty figure and helms of the Van Radbourne millions went headforemost overboard.

Now, as the water was at most not more than five feet deep, the peril was not one of drowning, but of crushing, for the launch was coming head on, with nothing to check it. The athletic flannel-suited figure of Mr. John Fordham was consequently overboard in about one-tenth of a second. Grasping the gasping young woman very much as a bear might, with arms about her neck, he jammed his feet against the dock and then, as the launch came on, he met the attack of the polished white bows fairly and squarely with his broad shoulders. There was an instant of suspense, some caterwauling among the women and then an uproarious cheer from the men. The human fender had done its work well, and the course of the launch deflected the number of feet requisite for safety. Everybody was laughing presently, though all knew that in the absence of that act of gallantry Miss Edith Van Radbourne, with all her millions, would assuredly have been crushed to death.

Naturally little else was talked of for the rest of the day. After dinner, while Fordham was sitting on the piazza, modestly enough, smoking his pipe, with little Mrs. Julia, who may be sure not so very far away, Mrs. Van Radbourne sallied up to him with her right hand outstretched.

"Mr. Fordham," she said, in the full hearing of everybody, "you must let me thank you. And if Mr. Van Radbourne can do anything to advance your fortunes I hope you will let us know."

palpable. John Fordham took his medicine calmly, as became him. "You owe me nothing, Mrs. Van Radbourne," he said, rising, hat in hand. "If I have been of service, I am very glad."

As the parent of the rescued one walked away, some of the faces about her were very expressive, little Mrs. Julia's, possibly, the most of all.

At perhaps 9 o'clock that night, Miss Edith Van Radbourne delivered her ultimatum.

"Mother," she said decisively, "your behavior was absolutely brutal. How could you insult him so, when I love him? I will go and tell him so."

The parent's face became grave. With all her pride of race and swiftly earned riches, she dearly loved her daughter. "Perhaps, dear," she murmured, for she could never endure the sight of Edith in tears, "I have been wrong. Do you really wish to marry Mr. Fordham?"

"Y-y-y-yes," came the tremulous confession, "if he does not hate me. It will be your fault if he does."

"I will think," said her mother, gently, "that I had better go with you and find Mr. Fordham."

From a very dark corner of the piazza there came the gleam of a pair of scrupulously white trousers. Also the distinct sound of a smack.

"Will you love me forever and ever, Jack?" came the answer, and then the addition, delivered with mainly emphatic "come these kisses that mean a quadruple as women."

From the point where Mrs. Van Radbourne and her daughter stood, it looked as if the gold head was glued to the shoulder on which it rested. "I always knew," she averred, as she and her daughter—the latter was pale, but thoroughbred, and tearless—regained their room, "that there was something coarse about that young man."

And so ended one romance of the yachting season.

FREE EMPLOYMENT BUREAUS. The success of the free employment bureau in Illinois seems to carry encouragement for those who think that such establishments should be provided in every State. During the last year a total of 27,779 men and 14,134 women applied for help, and work was found for nearly 24,000 men and 13,000 women. For the three years the offices have been in existence in Chicago and Peoria 90,000 out of 110,000 applications have been provided with employment. Of applicants for assistance there were 84,000, and 42,000 of these were aided.

THE MAN HIGHER UP.

A DISCOURSE ON CROWDED CARS.

"I see the people are kicking about crowded cars," observed the Cigar Store Man.

"You must have second sight," said the Man Higher Up. "The people in this town don't kick out loud except when they are kicking to each other. This holler you hear about the wooden sardine cans on wheels they run on the 'L' and the trolley lines is a newspaper holler. If the people back up the newspapers there will be something doing, but the only way you can get New Yorkers to do anything for themselves in the way of getting what they pay for is by hypnotic suggestion."

"There is something about the atmosphere of New York that makes the public a bunch of latter-day Jews. Take a man who comes to this town from the West or the South, and for the first couple of months he is going around with court-plaster on his face and nice blue awnings over his eyes from fights with street-car conductors, 'L' guards and other public servants. After he gets his visage changed two or three times, loses half his teeth and has his chest used for a ballroom floor he becomes a real New Yorker and thinks it is a joke to be uncomfortable—unless he happens to get a protesting package aboard and forget his training."

"A friend of mine came here a few years ago from Carson City, Nev., where the people never saw a street car. You could put a street car in a store there and charge admission. This man was a large person with a voice like a ticket speculator and a temper that hung by a thread."

"On his first day here he put a few mountains on the map of a Third Avenue 'L' guard who had punched him in the ribs to make him move up, whereupon all the other passengers turned in and helped the guard make him look like a silhouette. He spent all his time in the hospital wondering at the ingratitude of the other passengers, and when he came out he made up his mind he would get even."

"His next experience was on a Broadway car, where he heard a conductor hand a few lines of Bowery conversation out to a woman who had kicked against the conductor grabbing hold of her arm. My friend from Carson put the conductor's chin under his right arm, made a trap-door of his forehead and then threw him bodily from the car. Four passengers held him until the motorman got a policeman and had him pinched. When he asked the woman who had been insulted to go to the station-house and give testimony tending to show provocation for his gallant assault she told him he was no gentleman."

"He told his story in the police court the next morning and the Magistrate banded his bankroll \$10 worth. That took him out of the primary grade. In six months he was taking a post-graduate course in 'How to Be Stepped On and Like It,' and now he's one of the suckers that sings 'In the Good Old Summer Time' while freezing to death on a stalled 'L' train."

"His experience is the experience of all the people who come to New York from the outside. At first they feel like a prize-fighter after he's won his first fight. After they get it passed up to them for a while they feel like a prize-fighter that has lost his tenth fight in succession. When they get to that stage there's no more kick left in them than there is in an oyster."

"It's the same way in restaurants, in theatres—everywhere people go in this town. The best they get is the worst of it, and they shake the hand that knocks them down. I'm willing to bet that the street cars will be just as crowded a year from now as they are to-day."

"What do you think is the remedy?" asked the Cigar Store Man.

"The remedy," replied the Man Higher Up, "is for everybody to ride in cabs."

A NEGLECTED AMERICAN EPIC.

And the Alamo! There is a trumpet call in the word; and only the look of it on the printed page is a flash of fire, says an article by the late Frank Norris in the World's Work. But the very histories slight the deed, and to many an American, born under the same flag that the Mexican rifles shot to ribbons on that splendid day, the word is meaningless. Thermopylae was less glorious, and in comparison with this siege the investment of Troy was mere wanton riot. At the very least the Texans in that battered adobe church fought for the honor of their flag and the greater glory of their country, not for loot or the possession of the person of an adulteress. Young men are taught to consider the Iliad, with its butcheries, its glorification of inordinate selfishness and vanity, as a classic. Achilles, murderer, scoundrel, ruffian and liar, is a hero. But the name of Bowie, the name of the man who gave his life to his flag at the Alamo, is perpetuated only in the designation of a knife. Crockett is the hero only of a "funny story" about a sagacious con; while Travis, the boy commander, who did what Gordon, with an empire back of him, failed to do, is quietly and definitely ignored. He died as he lived, an apt, hero, a legendary figure, formidable, sad. He died facing down traitors, disloyalty and crime; died "in his boots"; and the same world that has glorified Achilles and forgotten Travis finds none so good to do him reverence.

THE COMB WAS SAFE.

"Women certainly have queer places in which to hide things," said the married man, according to the Philadelphia Record. "I took my wife down to Atlantic City over last Sunday, and when we reached our hotel and unpacked the bag we couldn't find any comb. My wife had done the packing and she assured me that she had brought a comb, but she couldn't recollect where she had put it. We turned everything inside out, but could find no trace of the missing comb. You know that means a lot to a woman, and she fumed and fretted about going down into the dining-room without having a whack at her hair. Still, there was nothing to do so and we managed to exist without the comb until bedtime. Then it turned up; and where do you think it was found? Tucked down inside my wife's stocking! You needn't laugh; I assure you it's a fact. She had forgotten it until the bag was packed and loaded and then had pulled it down her stocking and had forgotten its hiding place."

HAND KISSING AGAIN.

The Parisians are seeking to make the kissing of the hand the most elegant way of greeting or taking leave of a lady, says the Ladies' Pictorial. It is certainly more graceful and more impressive than handshaking. A man, if he is clever, may convey a great deal in the way he lingers over a hand, even when holding it in the ultra-fashionable manner, but he can silently say a great deal more by the way he respectfully salutes it.

Nowadays it calls for no grace of bearing to shake hands successfully. One sees men doing it daily with barely a glance at the lady who gives them the privilege. But no one can kiss hands in such a coldly perfunctory fashion, and therefore I think that women in London society would welcome a revival of the practice for the sake of the stimulus it would lend the modern youth.